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*cont*

"Full many a spot  
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to esp'y  
Among the mountains; never one like this."

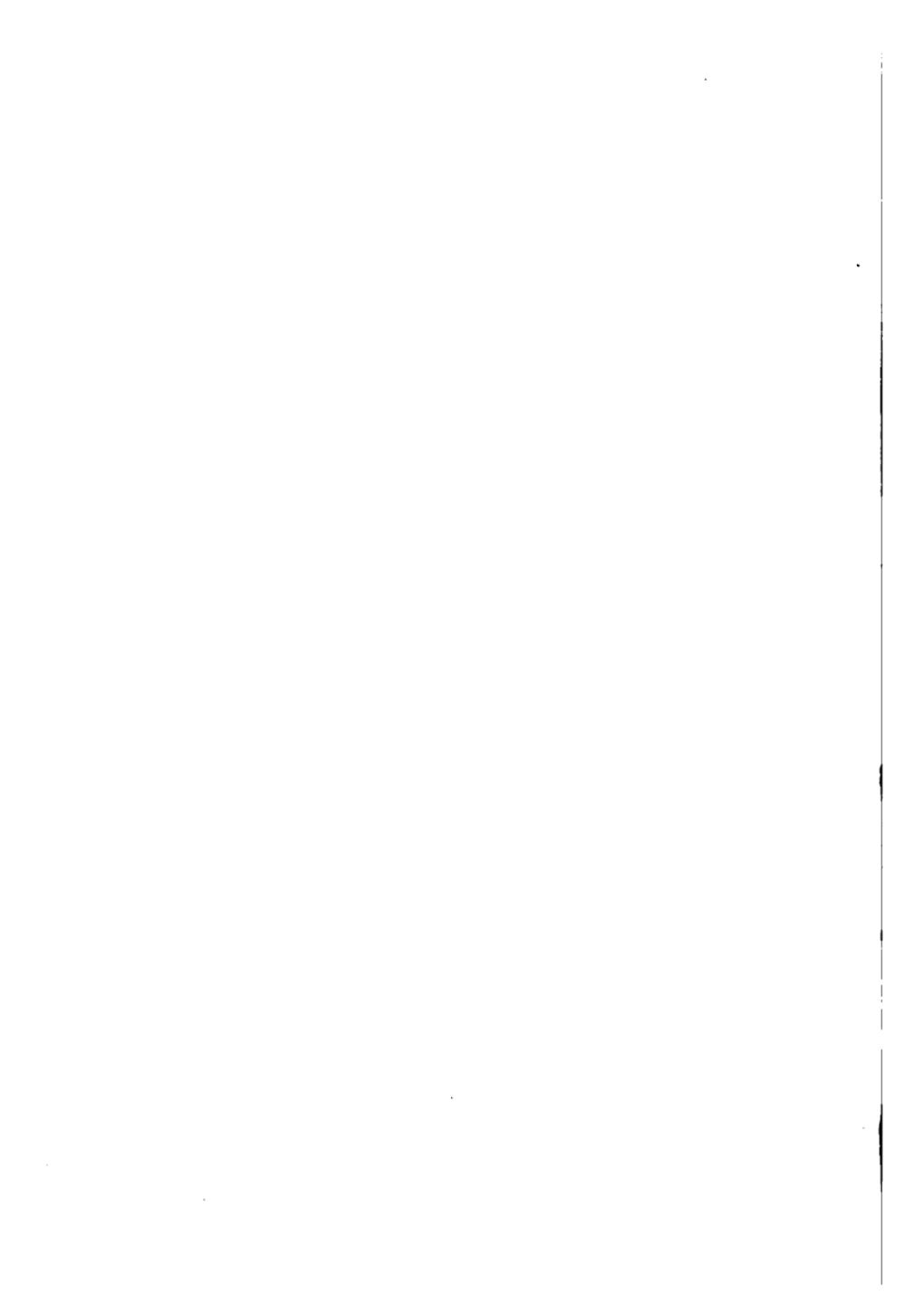
—Wordsworth.

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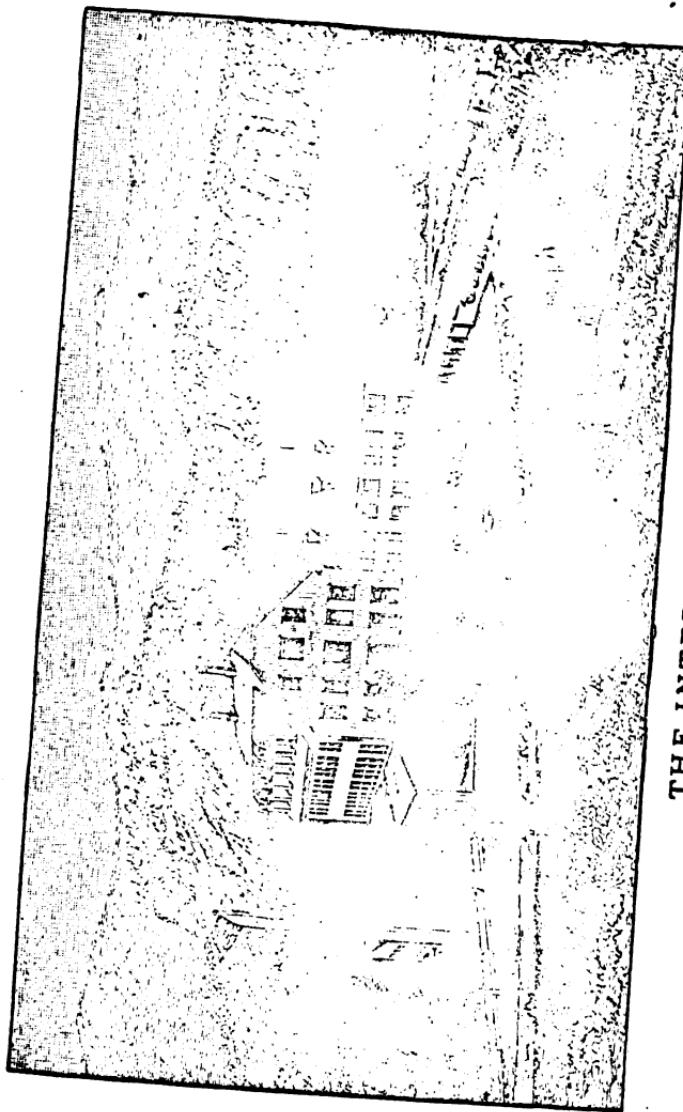
## The Intervale,

New Hampshire.

By Winfield S. Nevins.



THE INTERVALE HOUSE.





US 11855, 13,5

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"THE  
INTERVALE //

NEW HAMPSHIRE

"Full many a spot  
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy  
Among the mountains; never one like this."  
— *Wordsworth.*

By WINFIELD S. NEVINS

SALEM, MASS.  
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1887

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## THE REASON WHY.

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I shut my eyes in the snow fall  
And dream a dream of the hills:  
The sweep of a host of mountains,  
The flash of a hundred rills.

*Lucy Larcom.*

THIS book owes its origin and creation to the admiration of the writer for what he believes to be the most charming spot in the white Hills and one of the most beautiful which he has known in a somewhat varied experience at home and abroad. Also, to a feeling that this mountain "paradise" has been much neglected and ignored by writers for the press, authors of guide books, and even those universally impartial compilers of summer resort literature — the railroad men.

It is not the purpose of the writer to dispute one word of all that has been written of other White Mountain resorts; they are all charming spots, attractive, restful and health-giving. He has endeavored to do the work which others have

**THE INTERVALE.**

neglected,— to do justice to the Intervale by presenting its varied attractions just as they are. The aim has been to draw the sketch truthfully; without exaggeration,— and to that end the several chapters have been revised with care after lying in manuscript a full year.

*Salem, Mass., March, 1887.*

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**THE MOUNTAINS.**

These are the heights that crown the land;  
Step after step, their slopes descend  
Out of the clouds, a stairway grand,  
Until with common earth they blend,  
Where the broad meadows spread before  
Their bases, like an emerald floor.

The farther summits proudly oft  
Retreat in clouds, and mist, and rain,  
Leaving those great wings poised aloft:  
Forward they bend, with steadfast strain,  
As if to bear on through the sky  
Some burden of glad mystery.  
And sometimes of their shape is left  
Only one vigorous, broken line,  
Half hidden by a vapory weft;  
The dim sketch of a grand design,  
Whose veiled proportions still suggest  
Motion and strength, upheld in rest.

*Lucy Larcom.*

## CHAPTER I.

### THE INTERVALE DESCRIBED.

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs  
No school of long experience, that this world  
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen  
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares,  
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood—  
And view the haunts of nature. The calm shade  
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze  
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm  
To thy sick heart. [Bryant.]

THE Saco river, as it runs from the gate of the White Mountain Notch down toward the sea, pursues a very winding and devious way. Between North Conway and Glen Station its course is marked by constant changes. It runs first south, then east, and finally west and not infrequently turns back hard toward the north. These frequent changes in the course of the river have led to the formation of a broad stretch of lowland, not low enough for meadow but sufficient to fulfil the dictionary definition of an interval — “low or alluvial, level, and fertile land on the margins

of rivers." Years ago this low land was known as the Conway interval. Now the "Conway" has been dropped and it is simply "The Interval" with an "e." The name has been extended to the village which has grown up here. The Interval of which I write is a settlement composed of farm houses, summer hotels, boarding houses and private residences and one or two "shops." It lies partly in the northwest corner of the town of Conway and partly in the easterly side of Bartlett. On the Portland and Ogdensburg railroad it is sixty miles from Portland; by the Boston and Maine to North Conway and the Portland and Ogdensburg to Interval, we travel one hundred and thirty-seven miles. North Conway, the present terminus of the Boston and Maine, is a short two miles south of Interval. A winding road from North Conway, north to Jackson and the Glen and west to Upper Bartlett and through the Crawford Notch, skirts along the east and north banks of the interval some twenty to forty feet above its level. On either side of this road are the hotels and houses. A road turning off at the Interval House leads direct to Kearsarge village and another "right hand road" just beyond the railroad track leads to the same place and up back of Mt. Pequawket.

On all sides, save that which looks out over the intervalle to the northwest, we are surrounded, more or less near, by pine forest, known far and wide as "Cathedral Wood," a most appropriate name. The trees, tall and straight, with no branches or limbs until near their tops, look like gothic pillars, and those high overhanging branches resemble gothic arches. As we look down the slope through this wood, we seem to be standing once more amid the pillars and under the arches of some famous old-world gothic temple, St. Ouen in Rouen, St. Paul in London or some other like these. Unlike the floors of those cathedrals our foot does not go ringing down on the hard marble, but quietly and softly sinks into the brown carpet of pine needles as into the velvet tapestry on the floor of some royal palace. There is no underbrush here. The trees are all about the same size and equidistant, presenting a picture of unsurpassed grace and woodland beauty. Paths lead in all directions through this vast piny cathedral. We may wander at will for hours and then lie down on the soft brown carpet or the yet softer gray moss and read our book, or gaze skyward through the softly swaying branches until lulled to sleep by their soothing zephyrs. What a sweet and restful sleep we shall have, if only the mosquitoes will let us alone.

Time is never wasted, listening to the trees;  
If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,  
Holding toward each other half their kindly grace,  
Haply we were worthier of our human place.

Every tree gives answer to some different mood;  
This one helps you, climbing; that for rest is good:  
Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels they are;  
Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.

*Lucy Larcom.*

This wood gives to the Intervale much of its charm.

There is health in it as well as beauty. Rustic seats at the feet of these giants entice the ladies hither with fancy work or book to while away a forenoon or an afternoon. It is a pleasure to know that the attempts which have been made from time to time to purchase Cathedral Wood and cut it away have proved futile. The Mudgetts have stood firm as a rock in opposition to this desecration. They have secured control of all the forest immediately around them and will maintain it intact.

The air at Intervale is dry and remarkably clear at all times. Not too bracing, because the elevation is not great, 549 feet above sea level. Now and then a breeze of rarer and more bracing air comes down through the Notch. It is true that

on a still, hot, dry day in July or August, the sun's rays descend here with about the same wilting power as elsewhere in the mountains ; but the long sweep of unobstructed intervalle insures the full benefit of the faintest breeze which may be stirring and gives to the place a cooler air than is possible at any other point in this part of the mountains. At night, the air is usually cool, although dry, and there are many evenings every season not to cool for guests to sit on the piazza without wraps.

There are points in the White Mountains where one will see more in area than here but see much less distinctly. There are points where one may see two or three mountains more distinctly than from here, as Lafayette and Cannon mountains are seen from the Profile, or Washington and Adams from the Glen House ; but they are the only things seen at these points. But at Intervale is presented a wide sweep of mountain and valley, an unobstructed view, on either hand, of the most noted mountains of the region and of the celebrated notches, Crawford, Pinkham, and Carter. Starr King says : "A great many persons think of mountain scenery as monotonous. If you live directly under a savage mountain wall, like one side of the Notch, it may be. If you stay

a few miles off with a great range in full view, nothing can be less monotonous."

Sitting in the pagoda in front of the Intervale House we see extending behind the hotel and almost encircling our village, the Green Hills range,—Rattlesnake, Middle, Peaked and Look-out Point. A little farther to the north and west is the long green slope of Hurricane, while directly west of us and seeming almost to tower above our heads are Bartlett and Pequawket, or Kearsarge, the peak of the latter barely visible over the shoulder of the nearer of the twain. To see Pequawket in perfection of outline,—and it is one of the most beautiful elevations in these mountains,—it must be viewed from the junction of the tracks of the Portland and Ogdensburg and Boston and Maine roads about half a mile below the station. Next in line on this side, is flat-topped Double Head, so called because it has two distinct peaks. Somewhat nearer as we sweep the horizon to the north are Thorn Mountain, Thorn Hill and Rickets Hill, the latter directly in front of us. Far away to the north rises the lofty dome of the king of the White Mountains,—Washington; its rocky, cragged summit and scarred and deep-gullied sides indicating the severity of the storms of ages on ages which have

beaten against its form. Huntington's Ravine, Tuckerman's Ravine, the Gulf of Slides and Oake's Gulf can be easily seen on a clear day and thoroughly examined with a strong glass. The buildings on the summit are clearly discerned with the unaided eye. To quote another gem from Starr King : " Mount Washington does not seem so much to stand up, as to lie out at ease across the north. The leonine grandeur is there, but it is the lion not erect, but couchant, a little sleepy, stretching out his paws and enjoying the sun."

Northeast of Washington rises, distinctly outlined against the sky, the sharp peak of Adams ; and beside it, the first of the Presidential range,—Madison. Coming to the other side of Washington, we have in succession Monroe, Little Monroe, Franklin, and Pleasant, or Grant,—and then the range fades from sight behind the nearer hills. Between us and Washington is Iron Mountain. If now, we turn well to the left, we have the old giant, Moat Mountain, extending along the west for three miles, with its south, middle and north peaks. Then come Attitash and Humphrey's Ledge. Between Moat and our point of observation are White Horse and Cathedral ledges. Directly before us, beginning at our very feet and

extending to Glen Station and beyond, a distance of four miles, is the interval or valley of the Saco. It varies in width from a half mile to a mile. If we see it in early July the tall thick grass will be waving in the breeze, interspersed here and there with patches of peas, beans, potatoes, corn and grain. Occasionally, a cluster of bushes or a single elm rises to view, and along the banks of the river more or less woods still remain, mostly oak. Later in the season, after the hay has been gathered, the aftermath gives to the interval the appearance of a soft green carpet, broken now and then by patches of yellow ripening grain, or spots of dark brown where the early potato has arisen from its bed and gone forth to appease the hunger of the hotel guest. All in all, nature's handiwork presents few such charming spots, few such combinations of mountain and valley.

This picture is like a panorama. While the natural features are substantially unchanging, yet shadow and sunshine, cloud and storm vary the effect. The most striking is to see a thunder storm sweep down the valley on a summer afternoon. The spectator with a slight stretch of the imagination may realize the terrors of a terrific battle in some mountain pass — old Ther-

mopylæ, Chattanooga or Altoona. The valley which at first was dark almost as night from the dense black cloud soon becomes light from the quick flashes of lightning ; the heavy thunder rolls and echoes across the valley reverberating from mountain to mountain until these giant hills seem to have been suddenly endowed with life and speech and to be speaking to one another in the voice of Jehovah.

The torrents of rain can be seen far up the vale, like the advance guard of a charging squadron. Soon we are in the midst of it. It thunders ; it lightens ; it rains. The mountains have disappeared in the cloud. But all this soon passes away and then the cascades formed on the mountain side — on Moat, Humphrey's, White Horse and Cathedral — glisten in the sun, sparkle like great clusters of diamonds. This is no fancy picture, it is one that the writer has often enjoyed. "Coleridge," says Starr King, "asked Mont Blanc if he had a charm to stay the morning star in his steep course. It is time for some poet to put the question to those bewitching elm-sprinkled acres that border the Saco, by what sorcery they evoke, evening after evening, upon the heavens that watch them, such lavish and Italian bloom.

Nay, it is not Italian, for the basis of its beauty is pure blue, and the skies of Italy are not nearly so blue as those of New England. One sees more clear sky in eight summer weeks in Conway, probably, than in the compass of an Italian year."

## CHAPTER II.

### PLACES OF INTEREST.

Come, O my friend ! and share our festal month,  
And while the west wind walks the leafy woods,  
While orchard-blooms are white in all the lanes,  
And brooks make music in the deep, cool dells,  
Enjoy the golden moments as they pass,  
And gain new strength for days that are to come.

*Bryant.*

Diana's Baths is the name given to a series of falls or rapids along the stream which comes down from Attitash between North Moat and Humphrey. The "Baths" consist of oblong holes or wells in the smooth ledges, some of which strikingly resemble a bath tub. Most of these depressions are quite small At Grand Falls, N. B., are similar wells which are often fifteen feet deep and eight feet in diameter. How were these wells made? Was it by the action of the water alone, or was a small rock whirled around and around, century after century? What countless ages must have rolled by since first the work began, be the cause what it may. We doubt whether Diana

ever bathed in these pools, but surely had she passed this way when eternal solitude reigned in the forest primeval, she could not have resisted the temptation, the water skips along so soft and so cool. The baths are about half a mile from the main road and in past years a rustic lassie with homespun gown and broad-brimmed hat used to open the gate in fond anticipation of a penny or more. Last season we missed her.

Cathedral Ledge is reached by another short road leading from the main highway, and through a most beautiful pine forest. This is the most striking spot hereabouts. This ledge rises 660 feet almost perpendicular; in some places it overhangs, forming imposing arches, from one of which, known as the Cathedral, it derives its name. This cathedral is a vast archway, sixty feet in height and extending thirty or forty feet into the ledge, with a natural platform in the rear known as "the pulpit." Many architects have planned less symmetrical interiors than this.

From this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play  
Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold  
A gloomy Niche, capacious, blank and cold;  
A concave, free from shrubs and mosses gray;  
In semblance, fresh, as if, with dire affray,  
Some statue, placed amid these regions old

For tutelary service, thence had rolled,  
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday !  
Was it by mortal sculptured?—weary slaves  
Of slow endeavor! or abruptly cast  
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast  
Tempestuously let loose from central caves?  
Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,  
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge passed?

It is another evidence of Nature's superiority over man as a designer. Here, too, we see the work of time's great leveller—"the frosts of ages"—in the tons on tons of rock which have broken off and fallen from the sides of the ledge, sometimes from the very summit. The largest of these pieces of granite must have shaken the very mountains themselves when they fell.

Near the base of this ledge is a long cave known as the "Devil's Den," which our old friend Hermit Hapgood will light you into with flaming pitch-pine or smoky birch-bark torch. At the further end, you will find neither his Satanic majesty or roaring fires, but rather, until very late in summer, ice ; and the air of the place will send cold chills over the whole human frame, however stout. If you would see this spot in all its weirdness and desolateness, come on a summer evening picking your way darkly through the forest

between the tall pines which rise before you like ghosts, until you see, ahead, one tiny spark of light. That spark is the smouldering tobacco in Hapgood's pipe. He will greet you with the solemnity of a being from another world and entertain you with ghostly and ghastly stories far into the night until you dare not stay longer, but had much rather stay than go. It is, indeed, a gloomy place after dark when the whippoorwills lament and the owls hoot.

I know of nothing short of the cliffs of the Tyrolese Alps, along the valley of the Adige river, more striking than these ledges. A well-known Boston artist says the sensation of looking down from the summit of this ledge is the most appalling he ever experienced. Far up the sides of this great rock are caverns, as cold and shadowy as the chamber of death. By moonlight the view is doubly impressive.

**Echo Lake** and **White Horse Ledge** are next in order in this vicinity. The lake is a beautiful sheet of water, lying silent at the foot of the ledge on one side and hemmed in on the other sides by dense forests. Standing on the shore opposite the cliff and shouting to the white steed on its side, the sound of our voice comes ringing back over the clear water. The glory of the spot, however,

is not in the noonday echo ; rather it is in the moonlight view. As Starr King says : " An evening spent there when the full rising moon silvers 'The Ledges' and burnishes the bosom of the lake, and sheds its beams among its dark pine fringes, to slip slowly down the stately columns of the larger trees, will long be remembered as a sweet midsummer night's dream." 'Tis then that,

The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story ;  
The long light shakes across the lakes  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

The " White Horse " in the side of the ledge to which it gives name is best seen from the platform of the Boston and Maine railway station in North Conway. Plenty of faith, a good and elastic imagination and patience, will enable one to make out this likeness in the rocks. It is really there, and no myth.

Humphrey's Ledge which is also " across the river " from Intervale, is reached by the same highway, but farther along than Diana's Baths. It is a neglected " point of interest," or has been in years past. But, thanks to Mr. L. G. Pitman, it has been " popularized " and brought within reach of all. At great expense and with indom-

itable zeal he had constructed, in 1886, a drive-way from base to summit. It is steep and rugged road but leads to the top. Walking would seem preferable to riding, but there are those who have not the requisite strength of leg and lung. To them, therefore, this road comes as a blessing. Rev. John Worcester says that "for quiet majesty and beauty of form and color, there is nothing within easy reach from North Conway, better than the face of this ledge."

Near the foot of the road leading up this mountain is an interesting grotto or cave known as Pitman's Arch. In this cave, two or three hundred people could easily find shelter. The entrance is made through a gothic arch, thirty feet in height, "bordered by beautiful fringes of moss and fern and adorned by the clean straight trunks of hardy trees clinging to the face of the precipice."

At the base of this cliff is a quaint brown cottage, around which the tall unkempt rose-bushes and the half dilapidated rustic fence bespeak the decay of former gentility. This was once the home of Lady Blanche Murphy, whose story is familiar to most readers. The daughter of titled English parents, she incurred their displeasure by marrying her music teacher. With her husband

she came to America and finally to this wild spot in search of that health which the gentle lady never found : and here she died. Lady Blanche Murphy was educated and talented. In her later years, she contributed to the magazines and was one of the contributors to the American Encyclopædia. This farm is owned by her husband, but he lives in Conway.

These places across the river will require a full forenoon if we drive, or a whole day on foot. By carriage we must drive to North Conway, turn down under the railroad bridge, and crossing the Saco, keep to the left for the lake. From there we follow the road along toward the north, turning off first to visit Cathedral Ledge and next Diana's Baths, and lastly, leaving the highway for the Humphrey's Ledge road. The whole drive will cover some twelve miles.

If the trip be made on foot, the quicker and better course is to go down across the intervalle to the embankment and ford the Saco which is rarely more than twenty inches deep here. Passing out by the farm house of Mr. Davis (where a glass of cool milk may be obtained, if desired) to the main road, it is best to walk directly to the top of Humphrey's Ledge. Returning from here we can visit, in their order, Diana's Baths, the

Cathedral and the Lake, returning to Intervale by the highway or across the river as we came. We have said this would require a day; so it will, if one spends two hours on Humphrey, and an hour at each of the three other places: but if the object is merely to "see" them, a forenoon affords ample time.

But what one should do who would enjoy these beautiful spots in their fulness, is to pass a forenoon or afternoon at each place. Do not hurry away from them. You can enjoy a half day lying under the pines gazing up at the rugged front of Cathedral Ledge and watching sun and cloud, sunshine and shadow, or even longer time on the top of Humphrey, looking out over the dreamy, beautiful world below, and thence across the valley where companion summits rear aloft their peaks of varied height and varied form.

CHAPTER III.  
**WALKS AND DRIVES.**

Thou who wouldst see the lovely and the wild  
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,  
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot  
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops  
The beauty and the majesty of earth,  
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget  
The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou standest,  
The haunts of men below thee, and around  
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart  
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world  
To which thou art translated, and partake  
The enlargement of thy vision.                           *Bryant.*

THE purpose of this chapter is to outline somewhat briefly the more interesting walks and drives other than those already mentioned under the head of Points of Interest in the immediate vicinity. No mountain resort in this state affords more attractive excursions than may be made from Intervale. They may be long or short, difficult or easy, at our option. In all cases the time given is that deemed ample not only for the walk or drive, but also to see all that is to be seen.

Any of the walks may be made in much less time, but it is far better to go slowly. No more interesting, invigorating or health-giving exercise is afforded than pedestrianism. It strengthens the muscles, increases the size of the limbs, expands the lungs, enlarges the chest and improves the whole system if indulged properly, without hurry and over-exertion. But the man who races up and down mountains and along country roads is wearing out his system and receiving no benefit from any source, neither from the exercise nor from the beauties of nature which greet him at every turn. Not that we should loiter along ; by no means. To be beneficial, a walk should be brisk : three miles an hour when moving on a level, one to two when ascending, according to steepness and roughness. Do not be afraid of perspiration ; it is good for you. If your feet and legs ache after a long tramp, bathe them freely in some cool stream, rub dry and go on walking to your hotel. It will take the lameness all out of them.

In all pedestrian tours wear knee breeches and good heavy shoes which lace well up around the ankle and the soles of which are thick and well-filled with hob-nails. You can walk three miles more easily with these nails in the shoes than two

without. A pocket compass, stout knife, plenty of matches and a drinking cup which closes up, are indispensable.

This is as good a place as any to say that in their normal summer condition, all the rivers in this vicinity are fordable at frequent intervals.

And first of the walks. What is here written is entirely from personal experience; frequently from oft-repeated experience.

**Pequawket or Kearsarge.** From the Interval House to Eastman's, near the base, one and one-half miles; Eastman's to base (pine tree on left), one-half mile; base to spring, one and one fourth miles; spring to summit, one and three-fourths miles. Time to Eastman's thirty minutes; first ledge, forty-five minutes; second ledge, one hour; spring, one hour and twenty minutes; summit, from two to two and one-half hours. The trip may be made in less time, but it had much better be thirty minutes more. The start being made at 8 A. M., 10.30 brings us to the top. Not less than an hour should be passed here. The panorama which spreads out before us is one of much grandeur. The miles of mountains, like great rolling billows of the sea, stretch away to the west until they fade into one line which forms the horizon. To the south and east, if

the air be clear, we shall see ponds and lakes innumerable, their crystal waters sparkling and shimmering in the sun, and at the same time trace the winding Saco on its course to the sea. The descent of Pequawket may be made in an hour, but a half had better be added. The writer has made the ascent from the pine tree in one hour and five minutes, and the descent in fifty minutes, but does not commend the example as one worthy of imitation.

**Moat Mountain** presents, in August, as much attractiveness to the trumper as any other elevation in New Hampshire. Leaving Intervale we cross the meadow, ford the Saco, turn in at the Diana's Bath road and proceed some two or two and a half miles to the base. The path follows a well marked wood road—much of the way over soft dry grass and beneath the heavy foliage of young trees, giving here and there a charming view of a waterfall or cascade. Arriving at the base we begin the climb at once, the first quarter or half mile being as steep as anything we shall encounter until we reach the nose. We emerge from the woods and come into shrubbery, which extends a half mile further, when we find ourselves on bare ledges—bare save for the blueberry bushes which grow in all the crevices and even over many

of the rocks. These berries we encounter the moment we leave the thick wood and lose not sight of from there to the summit. In places, the ground is literally blue with them ; they are large and luscious, in flavor far superior to those found at the base of the mountain. From the base to the summit of Moat is two miles, the last and larger half affording a most exhilarating walk over bare ledges with a magnificent panorama spread before us to the north, east and south ; while, as we approach the top, the peaks of Lafayette, Garfield, black Carrigain and others in the west rise higher and higher. The last quarter of a mile is up the steep rough "nose" of Moat, a hard climb. But having accomplished it and standing here on this sharp peak and beholding the picture which surrounds us like a cyclorama, we declare it the grandest, the most glorious mountain view which our eyes ever looked upon. No words can half express the wonderful beauty and majesty of that panorama. We seem to see it yet, like the waves of the sea after the storm, rising, now near, now far, until through the mist we catch a faint glimpse of the Green Hills of Vermont. Not even the Appenines, nor the Alps, nor the Tyrols equal the magnificence of this view from old Moat.

*THE INTERVALE.*

Touched by a light that hath no name,  
A glory never sung,  
Aloft on sky and mountain wall  
Are God's great pictures hung.  
How changed the summits vast and old!  
No longer granite-browed,  
They melt in rosy mist; the rock  
Is softer than the cloud.  
The valley holds its breath; no leaf  
Of all its elms is twirled:  
The Silence of eternity  
Seems falling on the world.

*Whittier.*

If weary of climbing we may now return after at least two hours of rest and study. Or, if yet the pedestrian yearns for "more," we may descend the south side of the peak, continue along the top of the ridge over Middle Moat to the South peak, some three miles. Here another view opens before us as we look across the Albany interval,

There towered Chocorua's peak; and west,  
Moosehillock's woods were seen,  
Beyond them, like a sun-rimmed cloud,  
The great notch mountains shone,  
Watched over by the solemn-browed  
And awful face of stone.

*Whittier.*

We shall descend by a spur of the mountain and reach the highway after some five miles of most varied wood-road and foot-path. Five miles more will take us home. This tramp should not be attempted without a few lemons or a canteen of water. There are no springs nor brooks from the north plateau at the foot of North Peak, until some two or three miles down from South Moat. The total distance of this trip is nineteen miles. On North Moat is an iron tube containing paper and pencil for visitors to register.

The above are the two principal mountain "climbs" in the immediate vicinity of Intervale. For other pedestrian journeys the following are recommended :

¶ Crawford Notch : Take the train to Glen station, four miles ; walk to the Willey House. To Upper Bartlett from Glen Station, five miles ; Upper Bartlett to Bemis, six miles ; Bemis to Willey, six miles, making seventeen miles on foot. No more beautiful road walk can be found in the mountains than that between Bartlett and the Willey. I doubt if the world affords anything superior to it. For miles, the highway is completely arched with the abundant foliage of beech, maple and oak — a real enchanted wood — while the road-bed is generally level, smooth and soft.

In the openings during August and early September, blackberries are found in abundance. Passing the night at the Willey the traveller may, the next morning, continue to Crawford's, three miles, or walk back to Bemis and take the train to Intervale; or, walk to Bartlett, take dinner and finish the journey on foot. Cost: fare Intervale to Glen, 15 cents; Willey House, \$1.50; fare, Bemis to Intervale, 75 cents.

**Albany Walk:** Intervale to Glen Station and a mile or two beyond: turn sharply to the left at the railroad crossing and walk down the west side of the river to the Davis farm, cross the field, ford the river and cross the intervalle. Distance, about thirteen miles; time, five hours.

**Jackson:** Go by way of Thorn Hill, five and a half miles, and return by Goodrich Falls, six and three-fourths miles; time six hours. Jackson Falls, Wentworth Hall and Goodrich Falls are the points of interest. A fine view is obtained from the road at the top of Thorn Hill,— of the Conway intervalles, Moat and Chocoura on one side and Jackson and Mt. Washington on the other.

**Mt. Washington:** A good trip is to leave Intervale at 7; drive to the Notch at 10 (fifteen miles), visiting Glen Ellis Falls; walk past Crystal Cascade, Hermit Lake, through Tuckerman's

Ravine to the summit of Mt. Washington (four miles), arriving at 2 p. m. Dine and leave at 4; down carriage road (eight miles) reaching Glen House at 6; drive back to Intervale (nineteen miles) reaching there at 9 p. m. Twelve miles on foot, thirty-four in carriage. The cost of this trip will be \$4 each for the team for three or four, and \$1.50 for dinner at the summit. Instead of returning by the Glen we may follow the path over the range to Crawford's, passing the night there or at the Willey, returning the next day through the Notch, on foot or by rail.

There are walks and drives south and east of Intervale through North Conway on the one hand, Kearsarge village on the other. The former is a pretty village with churches, stores and hotels, the Kearsarge being the largest of the public houses. From a public library here the managers kindly allow books to be taken by summer visitors properly vouched for. At the lower end of the village is *Champney's studio*, which is hung thick with some of the finest paintings of the mountains ever put on canvas. Mr. Champney has spent twenty-five summers in this vicinity transferring to canvas the most beautiful nooks and corners which the country presents. In this same section of the town is *Artists' Brook* and

*Falls*, a spot which the artists and poets have made famous. As we enter North Coway from Intervale we shall pass the photographic studio of T. E. M. White, who has the largest and best collection of White Mountain views ever made. A visit to the village would be incomplete without an inspection of his almost endless collection.

**Kearsarge Village** is only a mile from Intervale through the woods back of the station.

**Thorn Mountain** to the summit and back makes a pretty forenoon's trip of twelve miles. Go over the Thorn Hill road to the top of the rise and thence follow the path up the mountain.

**Double Head** over the Dundee road affords a good twenty-mile walk, very interesting and somewhat sightly but a rough, hilly way.

**Fryeburg**, going by way of Conway street and returning through Conway Centre, twenty-two miles. Road not always attractive, but Fryeburg is pretty and interesting. Seat of the old academy where Daniel Webster taught school for \$350 per year.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE WILLEY FAMILY. WILLEY GRAVES.

An everlasting hill was torn  
From its primeval base, and borne,  
In gold and crimson vapors dressed,  
To where a people are at rest.  
Slowly it came in its mountain wrath,  
And the forests vanished before its path,  
And the rude cliffs bowed, and the waters fled,  
And the living were buried, while over their head  
They heard the full march of their foe as he sped,  
And the valley of life was the tomb of the dead.

*Pierpont.*

A short distance below the Intervale on the road to North Conway as we drive along past the Bigelow farm, we shall see a stone stile built into the wall. If we step over here and walk towards the enclosure, some ten rods from the road, we shall find a little country graveyard containing about twenty graves. Swinging open the iron gate on its rusty hinges and stepping within, we see a blue headstone, in front of which the grass has been worn down as if by the tread of many feet. Kneeling to scan the half obliterated let-

ters, we read beneath the carved figure of a weeping willow that the stone is

To the memory of the family which was at once  
destroyed by a slide from the White Moun-  
tains on the night of 28 August, 1826.

Samuel Willey	æ	38
Polly S. Willey		35
Eliza A. Willey		12
Jeremiah S. Willey		11
Martha G. Willey		10
Elbridge G. Willey		7
Sally Willey		3

We gaze around, we read their monument,  
We sigh, and when we sigh we sink.

The story of this calamity, the most important event in the history of the White Mountains, is told in those few lines ; the details are fairly familiar to most visitors to these hills. This family of father, mother, and five children, together with two hired men, dwelt in the Crawford Notch, between Mt. Willey and Mt. Webster. During a storm which filled the valley with water, a vast area of the former mountain came crashing down upon them. As the bodies were found some rods south of the house, it is supposed that they fled for shelter to a stone embankment which they had erected and were there overtaken by the ava-

lanche and swept into the vortex. The bodies of the two men, Mr. and Mrs. Willey, Eliza and Sally were found and the four last named brought down here and buried in this one grave. The other three bodies were never found. This farm, which was then the homestead of Samuel Willey, senior, subsequently became the property of Stephen Mudgett, and later was purchased by E. B. Bigelow, the Clinton carpet manufacturer. He built a summer residence on the hill and made many improvements in the place. Mrs. Bigelow continues to occupy the estate in summer. Among others who were buried in this little spot of hallowed ground we gather the following from the headstones :

"Samuel Willey, Esq., died Jan. 14, 1844,  
Æ. 91 years."

[This was the father of the Samuel Willey who perished in the Notch.]

"Betsey, wife of Samuel Willey, Esq., died  
April 7, 1844, Æ. 83 years."

Another stone near by reads :

"In memory of Betsey W., wife of Mr. Jacob Bray,  
who died Dec. 9, 1831.

"Others gone, forever gone  
The way of all the earth,  
And I alone am left alone  
In sorrow and in grief."

"Miss Sally Willey, died Nov. 19, 1822,  
in 22d year of her age."

"James Willey, died Oct. 19, 1859, æ. 74."

"Honoria, wife of James Willey, Esq., died  
Jan. 2, 1856, æ. 76."

Another inscription is

"Sacred to the memory of Tabitha L., wife of  
Dea. Stephen Willey, died Sept. 23 (?),  
1847, æ. 40."

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;  
Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;  
He gave thee, he took thee, he will restore thee,  
And death has no sting since the Saviour has died."

One more of these memories of the past and  
we close:

"Sarah G. Cate died May 11, 1847, æt. 23."

Fare thee well, though woe is blending  
With the lone earthly love,  
Triumph high and joy unending  
Wait thee in the realms above.

It is hoped that the day is not distant when  
this spot will be marked by a suitable mon-  
ument. It is the last resting place of five people  
whose tragic death has become an historic event,  
and which will be read with deepening interest  
by generations yet to come. The frail slab which  
now designates the spot will soon succumb to the  
frosts and storms of this mountain region.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE INTERVALE HOTELS.

A region of repose, it seems  
A place of slumber and of dreams,  
Remote among the wooded hills.

*Longfellow.*

The Intervale House, Stephen Mudgett and Sons, proprietors, was built in 1860 by W. H. H. Trickey, one of the pioneers in mountain hotel-keeping and for some years later proprietor of the Jackson Falls House. The Intervale was then a small house compared with its present proportions. In 1871, Frank Mudgett and Alfred Eastman purchased the hotel. They retained the management of the house until 1874 when Stephen Mudgett bought out Mr. Eastman's interest and took charge of the business with his sons, Frank A. Mudgett and Herbert Mudgett and thus the firm has remained ever since. Additions have been made to the house from time to time, the most extensive being the large wing added on the easterly side in the fall of 1883. When the frame for this had been raised the great gale of November blew it down, but the Mudgetts, nothing

daunted, prepared and raised a new frame. This addition was a great improvement. It gave the house a beautiful large parlor with a smaller parlor on one side and a children's dining room on the other. Both parlors have magnificent fireplaces of vast dimensions. They are handsomely finished and furnished. There was also added at this time a spacious dining hall with a seating capacity of two hundred. A wide piazza extends nearly around the whole house, giving a promenade of over 400 feet. On the lower floor in the older part of the house are a large office in the front end, a private office, billiard and reading rooms, two or three reception rooms, etc. There are five handsome fireplaces in this section of the house, that in the office being a strikingly large one. Extensive improvements were made about the office this spring (1887). Besides the changes in the north wing, the ceilings of the dining room and parlors were beautifully frescoed and the walls tinted, while the walls and ceilings of the rest of the house were tinted and the outside painted. Improvements were made in the sanitary arrangements. The Intervale table is second to none in the White Mountains. Mr. Mudgett, senior, looks after the food supply; Frank Mudgett has the general management of the rooms and the assignment thereof; while

"Bert's" specialty is the stable, and it is the best equipped of any in this section. A large cottage near the main house offers a few good rooms for those who desire to escape the noise and bustle of the hotel. The telegraph office is in one corner of this cottage. A plank walk leads to the station from the hotel. Croquet, tennis and ball grounds, billiard table and bowling alley, present a wide range for choice of lighter diversions.

The **Bellevue**, J. A. Barnes, proprietor, stands on the knoll just beyond the Intervale. It is a sightly location and one excellently adapted for perfect drainage and to insure health and comfort. Mr. Barnes built this house himself in 1872, and for fifteen years has been its popular landlord and proprietor. Hundreds of New England people have found here a pleasant summer home. In the fall of 1886, the house was very materially enlarged by the addition of an L to the rear which nearly doubles its capacity. The house now accommodates about seventy guests, all in good rooms. It is kept open from the first of June until the last of October.

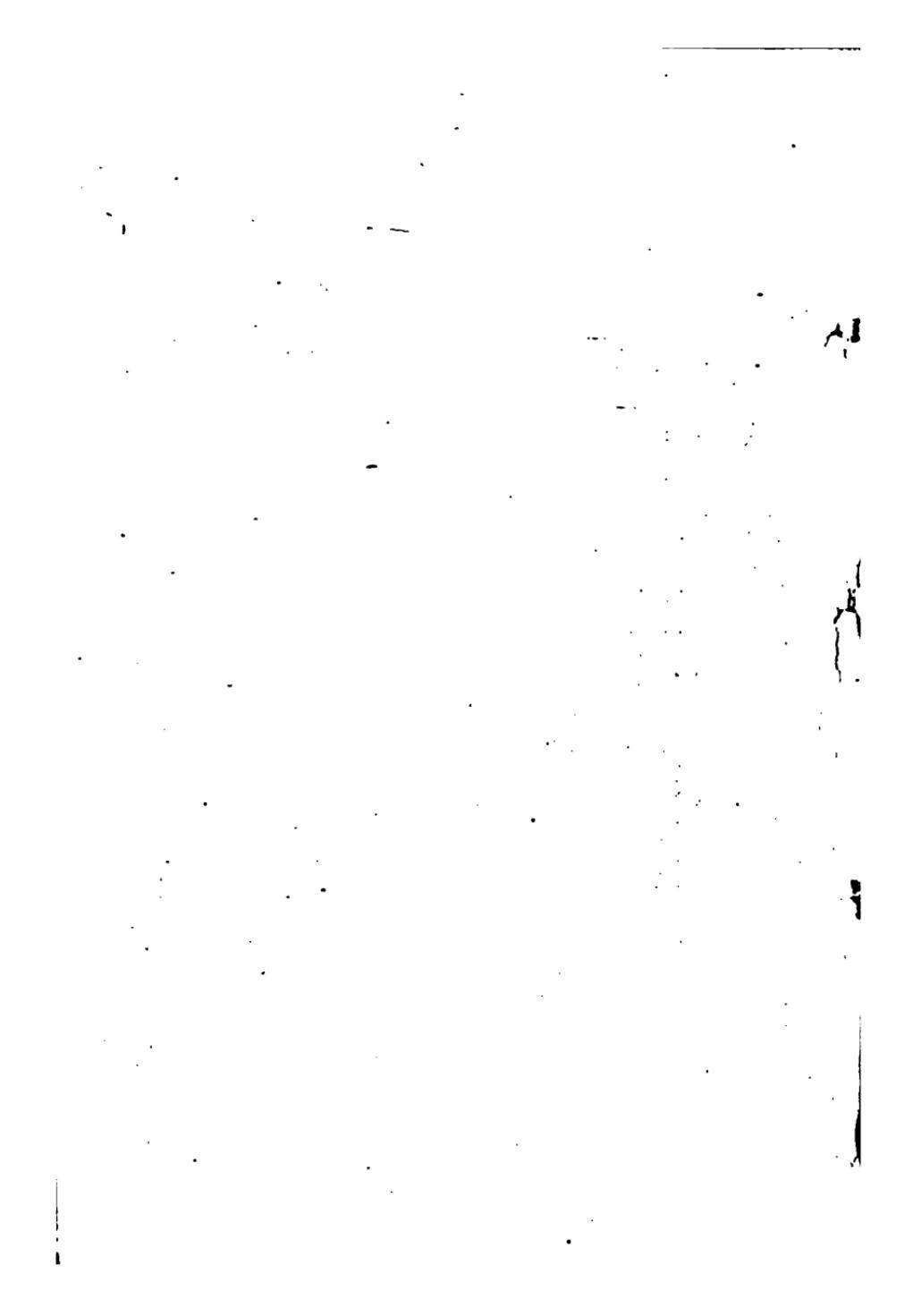
The **Pendexter Mansion** about three minutes walk to the north of the station, is one of the most charming houses in this section. It, too, commands an unobstructed view of the Intervale and the mountains around it. This house,

which accommodates fifty guests, was built by Mrs. C. C. Pendexter in 1872, and has always remained under her excellent management, and maintained a reputation for being homelike. An addition was made to the cottage in 1886, and other recent improvements serve to render this mansion attractive ; many of its rooms are heated and the house is open the year round. Its winter night suppers for sleighing parties are famous. For regular boarders it is open from the first of May until the last of October.

The Langdon House, directly opposite the Mansion, is the newest boarding house of the Intervale group ; that is, as a hotel of any size. Previous to 1884, the Pendexters had taken a few boarders in their farm house, but had been unable to find room for all who desired to tarry with them : so, in the spring of '84, they built a large addition to the house and remodelled the original part. The Langdon now has twenty-five good new fresh rooms, every one looking out on more or less mountain scenery. The table is largely supplied from the home farm. Mr. John Pendexter, an old resident of the village, and his son J. Langdon Pendexter, now manage the house. It is open to receive guests as early in the season as they wish to come and will provide for them until winter sounds the bugle for the return.

THE LANGDON HOUSE.





Other hotels are the Idlewild, a very prettily located house nearly opposite the Intervale House ; Mrs. Pendexter's farm-house close by the station ; and the pleasantly situated Fairview Cottage of C. A. Tasker. The last named is the northernmost of the strictly Intervale hotels and is on the road toward Bartlett, about half a mile. It is a pretty, fresh-looking house with trees and lawns in front and a magnificent view in the rear, over the intervalle and the ledges. The house bears an excellent reputation for its good table and pleasant rooms.

And now a word as to the cost of things at the Intervale. Board at the Intervale House is from \$10.50 to \$16.50 per week, according to room, number in party and time of stay. At the smaller houses the rates vary from \$7.00 to \$12.00. Single teams for one or two persons are let for \$1.00 an hour, double teams \$1.50 to \$2.00. People are driven to North Conway for 50 cents. The price of seats for parties of five or more in mountain wagons are usually about as follows : Base of Pequawket, 50 cents ; Kearsarge village and return by North Conway, \$1.00 ; Artists' Falls, \$1.00 ; Conway Corner or Centre, \$2.00 ; Fryeburg, \$2.00 ; Echo Lake, Cathedral and Diana's

Baths \$1.50 (any one of these, 75 cents) ; Humphrey's Ledge (base) \$1.00 and (summit) \$2.00 ; Albany drive, \$2.00 ; Upper Bartlett, \$2.00 ; Jackson, \$2.00 ; Pinkham Notch and Glen House, \$4.00.

The car fare between North Conway and Intervale is 15 cents ; return tickets Intervale to North Conway, 20 cents. Fare to Glen Station 15 cents ; to Fabyan's \$2.00 ; go and return same day, \$3.00. A regular train will run from North Conway and Intervale to Fabyan's in the morning to connect with the train up Mt. Washington and with trains over the northern and western roads. It will return to North Conway at night. There are usually four trains each way between the Intervale and Fabyan's.

In September and October much lower rates can be obtained at the hotels than in July and August.

There is certainly no pleasanter season of the year in which to visit this section than the latter part of September or in October. Then come delightful days when the air is pure and clear and the views of the mountains especially fine. Then one derives more benefit from being out of doors, than in July or August, and thoroughly enjoys the evening hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

"G. T. C.," writing in the "Boston Courier" last September, said : "The Divine Artist is beginning to paint with his magic brush the distant mountain sides, and varies the hue from scarlet to red and gold, then to russet. The sweet odors of shrubs and wild flowers come laden upon the breeze and all the pleasant scents of dying summer soothe our tranquil senses."

## CHAPTER VI

### SOME MISCELLANEOUS THINGS.

I wind about and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.

*A. Tennyson.*

THE trout fishing hereabouts is good in the early summer, but by August the rivers and mountain streams have become pretty well drained of all sizable fish. Trout and pickerel are frequently caught in one or two sluggish streams which, formed by the numerous springs near Intervale, flow into the Saco. In the Saco itself thete is more or less fishing. The trout here are somewhat larger than in the brooks and mountain streams but rarely weigh a half pound, although the writer, last July, while sitting on a log, took out one weighing full three-quarters. Early in the season, say in May, June and July, brook trout are plenty in the Diana's Bath brook and in a branch of it which comes down back of Cathe-

dral and White Horse Ledges. The East Branch is good fishing ground in June and July. Walk or drive up the Dundee road as far as Double Head and then strike across to the brook and fish down stream some five or six miles. A road runs from Jackson to the East Branch in the vicinity of Sable Mountain and nearly ten miles from the source. If one drove to this point early in the morning it would be possible to fish down to Lower Bartlett by night. The banks of this stream are largely overhung with thick bushes, so the fisherman had better go prepared to follow down the stream. The hob-nail shoes and knee breeches are indispensable to comfort in fishing here, or for that matter, anywhere. More distant fishing is to be had on the Ellis river, which extends from Glen Station to the Pinkham Notch, a matter of twelve miles; also on Rocky Branch which starts near the base of Boott's Spur and reaches the Saco a mile above Glen Station. This is a good trout stream. So also is the Sawyer river between Upper Bartlett and Bemis. Some famous catches are made there in May and June.

There are various routes to Intervale. From Boston the most direct is over the Boston and Maine road to North Conway, thence over the

Portland and Ogdensburg. The trains run through the Notch from Boston and no change of cars is required. The Maine offers two routes. By the Eastern division we go through Lynn, Salem, Newburyport, Portsmouth, Great Falls, etc., passing also the noted summer resorts of Swampscott, Beverly and the Hamptons. Trains usually leave at 9.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M., though this may be varied slightly from year to year. The former is known as the " Flying Mountaineer " and reaches Intervale about 2.10. P. M. By the Western division passengers go through Lawrence, Haverhill, Exeter, and Dover, and join the Eastern division trains at Great Falls. The trip may be made over the Boston and Maine to Portland and thence by the Ogdensburg. A somewhat longer but not less interesting route is that over the Boston and Lowell to Fabyan's, thence down through the Notch by the Ogdensburg. The Portland and Ogdensburg railroad is one of the masterpieces of nineteenth century engineering. From Portland to Glen Station it passes through a beautiful rural section. Beyond Glen Station it lies along a mountainous region, cutting into the flinty spurs, spanning chasms, deep and wide, and frequently crossing rushing rivers.

One of the most enjoyable routes to the moun-

tains is by the boat from Boston to Portland, thence over the Ogdensburg. The steamers of the night line run every night, leaving India wharf, Boston, at seven o'clock in summer, and at five the rest of the year. Usually, the boats of this line run day trips for a month or two of summer leaving at 8 A. M. The boats of this line are finely appointed. The steamers of the International line leave Commercial wharf Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday at 8.30 A. M. for Portland and St. John, in summer. They reach Portland at 4 P. M., in time to take the evening train for Intervale. A day trip from Boston to Portland on the boat on a pleasant day is one of unsurpassed attractiveness among all our local ocean travel.

The Ogdensburg road connects at Portland with the Maine Central to Mt. Desert and St. John, and people leaving Intervale in the forenoon can be at Bar Harbor for supper. At Bangor, the Bangor and Piscataquis road branches off for Moosehead Lake, the great New England fishing ground.

Although far removed from Boston, Intervale is in frequent and close communication therewith. There are two mails each way daily, in the "season." On Sunday morning before breakfast the

"Herald train" arrives with the "Boston Herald" and other morning papers containing the arrivals of guests at the mountain hotels up to bed-time Saturday night, and quite likely a description of some costume which came on to the ball-room floor at 9 o'clock. This train goes up through the Notch and returns in the afternoon, affording an excellent opportunity for a trip through or in to the mountains.

Water is brought to Intervale from the mountain above Artists' Falls although most of the houses use water from their own springs for drinking purposes. And here let me say that the water about Intervale, although not coming from what are generally known as "mineral" springs, has many beneficial qualities and may be drunk freely by most people.

Music and dancing at the Intervale House nearly every night help to make life gay, and on Saturday evenings there are "hops" to which the guests of other houses are usually invited. On Sunday evenings there are services of song and sometimes preaching in the large parlor of the hotel. Guests of the several hotels are conveyed to North Conway to church on Sunday mornings.

A short distance from Intervale is Intervale

Park used in August for camp-meeting purposes by the Faith-cure people. It is a beautiful pine grove interspersed with highways and by-ways, along which are numerous pretty cottages.

Now ends the hours' communion near and high.  
We have heard whispers from the mountains' heart,  
And life henceforth is nobler. With a sigh  
Of grateful sadness let us now depart,  
And seek our lower levels.

*Lucy Larcom.*

## CHAPTER VII.

### MOUNTAIN ELEVATIONS.

They beckon from their sunset domes afar,  
Light's royal priesthood, the eternal hills :  
Though born of earth, robed of the sky they are;  
And the anointing radiance heaven distils  
On their high brows, the air with glory fills.

*Lucy Larcom.*

In the following pages will be found a pretty complete list of White Mountain elevations with their heights. The list was compiled by B. Frank Smith, jr., of New York. The arrangement into groups is substantially according to that of the Appalachian Mountain Club. For the purposes of this book, each group is given the name of its best known mountain or of some centrally located village, and the letter which follows is that used by the A. M. C. on its maps to designate the group. The heights here given for the principal mountains are from measurements by Prof. E. C. Pickering, published in "Appalachia," Vol. IV, No. IV. They are the most reliable. Others are from measurements by various members of the club and are undoubtedly quite accurate. Wal-

ling's map of the State of New Hampshire, Ticknor's "White Mountains," the "United States Geological Surveys," and other sources have been drawn upon to complete the list. Many of these are merely estimates, not actual measurements. Those marked with a \* are from Prof. Pickering's measurements. Those marked with a † are from other, but reliable, measurements. Most of the remaining altitudes are estimates. That mountains of the same name appear in different groups may seem confusing to one not familiar with mountain nomenclature, but the unfortunate fact is that certain elevations in different sections bear the same name.

In New Hampshire there are seven mountains loftier than Mt. Marcy, the highest elevation in the Adirondacks, which is 5,344; Mt. Katahdin, the highest Maine mountain, is 5,385 high, and Mt. Mansfield the king of the Green Mountains, 4,389. In the groups given below one mountain is above six thousand feet in height; ten are between 5,000 and 6,000; thirty-seven between 4,000 and 5,000; sixty-six between 3,000 and 4,000; eighty-eight between 2,000 and 3,000; fifty-nine under 2,000, and forty-two unknown, making a total of 303. Any corrections or additions to this list will be welcomed by the author for future use.

*THE INTERVALE.***PRESIDENTIAL GROUP (F).**

* Washington, . . .	6,293	* Clinton, . . . . .	4,331
* Adams, . . . . .	5,819	* Jackson, . . . . .	4,076
* Jefferson, . . . .	5,736	* Webster, . . . . .	3,928
* Clay, . . . . .	5,554	† Deception, . . . . .	3,701
* Boot Spur, . . . .	5,529	† Ingalls, . . . . .	3,544
* Monroe, . . . . .	5,397	† Bald Cap, . . . . .	3,081
* Madison, . . . . .	5,381	Pine, . . . . .	2,600
* Franklin, . . . . .	5,013	Hayes, . . . . .	2,600
* Pleasant, . . . . .	4,781	Elephant's Head, . . .	2,100

**FRANCONIA GROUP (J).**

* Lafayette, . . . . .	5,269	* Hale, . . . . .	4,102
* Lincoln, . . . . .	5,098	† Eagle Cliff, . . .	3,446
* N. Lafayette, . . .	5,075	Big Coolidge, . . .	3,200
* S. Twin, . . . . .	4,922	Little Coolidge, . .	2,500
* N. Twin, . . . . .	4,783	Cooley . . . . .	2,500
* Bond, . . . . .	4,709	Potash, . . . . .	2,500
* N. Guyot, . . . .	4,589	The Nubble, . . . .	2,500
* S. Guyot, . . . .	4,583	* Round Hill, . . .	2,442
* W. Bond, . . . .	4,528	* Agassiz, . . . . .	2,401
* Garfield, . . . .	4,520	Bald, . . . . .	2,310
* Liberty, . . . . .	4,472	† Sugar Hill, . . .	1,897
* Flume, . . . . .	4,340	Green, . . . . .	1,300
* S. Bond, . . . . .	4,279		

**CARTER GROUP (G).**

* Carter Dome, . . .	4,856	Meader, . . . . .	3,000
* Carter, . . . . .	4,650	Speckled, . . . . .	2,800
† Wildcat, . . . . .	4,428	† Calabo, . . . . .	2,722
* Moriah, . . . . .	4,065	Winthrop, . . . . .	2,700
* Bald, . . . . .	3,752	Surprise, . . . . .	2,100
Imp, . . . . .	3,500	Durgin, . . . . .	2,100

## SANDWICH GROUP (Q).

* Tripyramid, . . .	4,189	Snow's Hill, . . .	2,300
* Passaconaway, . . .	4,116	Morgan, . . .	2,100
* Whiteface, . . .	4,057	† Prospect, . . .	2,072
* Sandwich Dome, . . .	3,999	Wanalancet, . . .	2,000
† Bald Knob, . . .	3,900	Weetamoo, . . .	2,000
* Kancamagus, . . .	3,774	Campton, . . .	2,000
* Chocorua, . . .	3,508	Sandwich, . . .	1,500
† Moon, . . .	3,500	Cline, . . .	1,500
* Paugus, . . .	3,248	Young, . . .	1,500
† Israel, . . .	2,880	Chatham Hill, . .	1,100
Flat, . . .	2,700	Pine Hill, . . .	1,000
Potash, . . .	2,600		

## CARRIGAIN GROUP (K).

* Carrigain, . . .	4,701	* Lowell, . . .	3,765
Carrigain, E. Spur,	4,409	* Anderson, . . .	3,748
* Field, . . .	4,355	Andalusite, . . .	3,100
* Willey, . . .	4,313	Willard, . . .	2,570
* Tom, . . .	4,078	Sugar Loaves, . .	2,500
* Nancy, . . .	3,944	Frankenstein, . .	1,900
Avalon, . . .	3,800		

## MOAT GROUP (O).

* Tremont, . . .	3,399	* S. Moat, . . .	2,788
* Bear, . . .	3,267	* Red Ridge, . . .	2,787
* N. Moat, . . .	3,217	Camel's Hump, . .	2,400
* Silver Springs, . .	3,001	Humphrey's Ledge, .	1,600
* Attitash, . . .	2,985	White Horse Ledge,	1,400
* Green Cliff, . . .	2,972	Cathedral Ledge, . .	1,300
* Table, . . .	2,953	Eagle Ledge, . . .	1,000

**THE INTERVALS.****OSCEOLA GROUP (N).**

* Hancock, . . . . .	4,434	Loon Pond, . . . . .	2,600
* Osceola, . . . . .	4,352	Hix, . . . . .	2,300
* Tecumseh, . . . . .	4,008	Russell, . . . . .	2,200
† Fisher, . . . . .	3,900	Wanasha, . . . . .	2,200
* Scar Ridge, . . . . .	3,816	Cone, . . . . .	1,800
* Huntington, . . . . .	3,731	Hatch, . . . . .	1,400
Welch, . . . . .	3,500		

**MOOSILAUKE GROUP (E).**

* Moosilauke, . . . . .	4,810	* Pemigewasset, . . . . .	2,561
Blue, . . . . .	4,533	Wyatt Hill, . . . . .	2,300
* Kinsman, . . . . .	4,377	Mist, . . . . .	2,243
Jim, . . . . .	4,218	Webster Slide, . . . . .	2,210
* Cannon, . . . . .	4,107	Piermont, . . . . .	2,167
Watanoomee, . . . . .	3,941	Sentinel, . . . . .	2,032
Bald, . . . . .	3,752	Iron Ore, . . . . .	1,900
Black, . . . . .	3,571	Knight's Hill, . . . . .	1,700
Carr, . . . . .	3,522	Cole Hill, . . . . .	1,700
Clough, . . . . .	3,500	Marston, . . . . .	1,500
† Kineo, . . . . .	3,427	Patch, . . . . .	1,500
Cushman, . . . . .	3,320	Rattlesnake, . . . . .	1,300
Blue Ridge, . . . . .	3,300	Clement Hill, . . . . .	1,300
Owl's Head, . . . . .	3,000	Peaked Hill, . . . . .	1,100
Blueberry, . . . . .	2,800	Pine Hill, . . . . .	1,100
Stinson, . . . . .	2,707	Pond Hill, . . . . .	1,100
Sugar Loaf, . . . . .	2,565		

**PEQUAWKET GROUP (E-H).**

* N. Baldface, . . . . .	3,608	* Sable, . . . . .	3,377
* S. Baldface, . . . . .	3,590	* Pequawket, . . . . .	3,270
* Eastman, . . . . .	3,559	* Royce, . . . . .	3,219

* Bartlett, . . . . .	2,650	Hurricane, . . . . .	2,000
† The Twins, . . . . .	2,300	Green, . . . . .	1,900
† Blackcap, . . . . .	2,200	Slope, . . . . .	1,600
Peaked, . . . . .	2,100	Rattlesnake, . . . . .	1,500
Middle, . . . . .	2,000		

## JACKSON GROUP (M).

* Wildcat, . . . . .	4,428	Spruce, . . . . .	1,800
* N. Doublehead, . . . . .	3,072	† Thorn, . . . . .	1,700
* S. Doublehead, . . . . .	2,946	Thorn Hill, . . . . .	1,500
Black, . . . . .	2,500	Ricket's Hill, . . . . .	800
Eagle, . . . . .	2,000		

## JEFFERSON GROUP (D-E).

* Pilot, . . . . .	4,186	Boy, . . . . .	2,278
* Starr King, . . . . .	4,046	* Ball, . . . . .	2,233
† Round, . . . . .	3,860	* Dalton, . . . . .	2,181
* Dartmouth, . . . . .	3,768	Wallace Hill, . . . . .	2,124
* Deception, . . . . .	3,722	Martha, . . . . .	2,000
* Pliny, . . . . .	3,651	Pleasant, . . . . .	1,900
* Cherry, . . . . .	3,600	Prospect, . . . . .	1,892
* Crescent, . . . . .	3,322	Orne, . . . . .	1,800
* Owl's Head, . . . . .	3,270	* Bray's Hill, . . . . .	1,633
* Mitten, . . . . .	3,118	Randolph Hill, . . . . .	1,600
† Randolph, . . . . .	3,043	Forest, . . . . .	1,450
† Cape Horn, . . . . .	2,735		

## CRAWFORD GROUP (L).

* Giant's Stairs, . . . . .	3,512	* Iron, . . . . .	2,736
* Resolution, . . . . .	3,436	Harts, . . . . .	2,500
† Hope, . . . . .	3,200	* Langdon, . . . . .	2,439
* Crawford, . . . . .	3,130	Pickering, . . . . .	1,600
* Parker, . . . . .	3,015	White's Ledge, . . . . .	1,600
† Wilkes' Ledge, . . . . .	3,000	Stanton, . . . . .	1,500

## THE INTERVALE.

## WINNEPESAUKEE GROUP.

Belknap,	2,394	Red Hill,	2,036
Green,	2,390	South Hill,	2,000
Tumble Down Dick,	2,300	Melvin Peak,	1,950
Ossipee,	2,300	Whittier,	1,700
Squam,	2,162	Green (Effingham),	1,700
Copple Crown,	2,100	Sunset Hill,	885

## LITTLETON HILLS.

Gardner,	2,200	Blueberry,	1,900
Hunt's,	2,100	Bald,	1,900
Wheeler,	2,000	Palmer,	900
Morse,	2,000		

## NORTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Long,	3,827	Green Ledge,	2,708
Trimountain,	3,393	Magallaway,	2,600
S. Stratford,	3,336	Table Rock,	2,464
N. Stratford,	3,194	Chicwolnipy,	1,460
Pisgah,	2,879		

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Smart's Peak <sup>1</sup> ,	3,827	Ford Hill,	1,800
Cardigan, <sup>1</sup>	3,150	Bristol Peak,	1,785
Echo, <sup>1</sup>	3,140	Wright's Hill, <sup>1</sup>	1,750
Cuba,	2,927	Kimball Hill,	1,700
Jenning's Peak,	2,800	Taylor's Hill,	1,406
Ewing's Peak,	2,800	Great Moose,	1,404
Abbott,	2,800	Gilmanton Hill	1,329
Red Ridge,	2,787	Rowe's Hill,	1,285
Half Moon,	2,530	Beech Hill,	1,200
Little River,	2,400	Sunday, <sup>1</sup>	1,200
Ball,	2,200	Oxe,	1,100
Hampton Hills,	2,141		

<sup>1</sup> Western New Hampshire.

## ELEVATIONS NOT KNOWN.

*Presidential Gr. (P)*

Bowman.

Spring.  
Hogback,  
Stone.  
Green,  
Avalanche.  
Hawk's

*Sandwich Gr. (Q)*

McDaniel Hill.

*Osceola Group. (N)*

Bronson Hill.  
Cobble Hill.  
Brier Hill.  
Moody Ledge.  
Landaff.

*Pequanquet Group. (P-H)*

Lookout Point.

Shingle Knob.

*Jackson Group. (M)*

Tin.

Minor.  
Walnut.  
Retreat.  
Rattlesnake.

*Winnepesaukee Group.*

Suncook.  
Sheep.  
Tenerife.

*Littleton Hills.*

Misery.  
Mann's.  
Mormon.  
Bald Ledge.

N. Monroe.  
Lyman.  
Dodge.

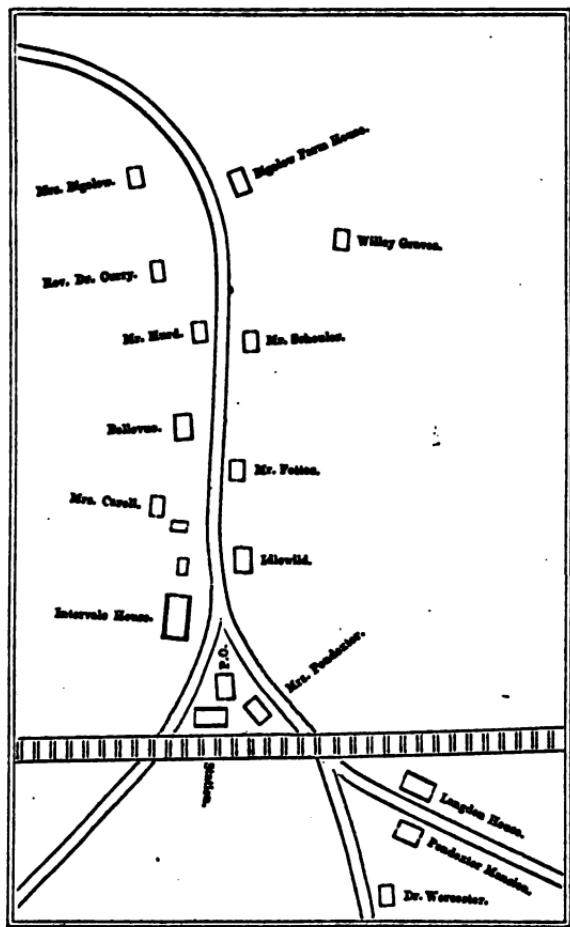
*Northern New Hampshire.*

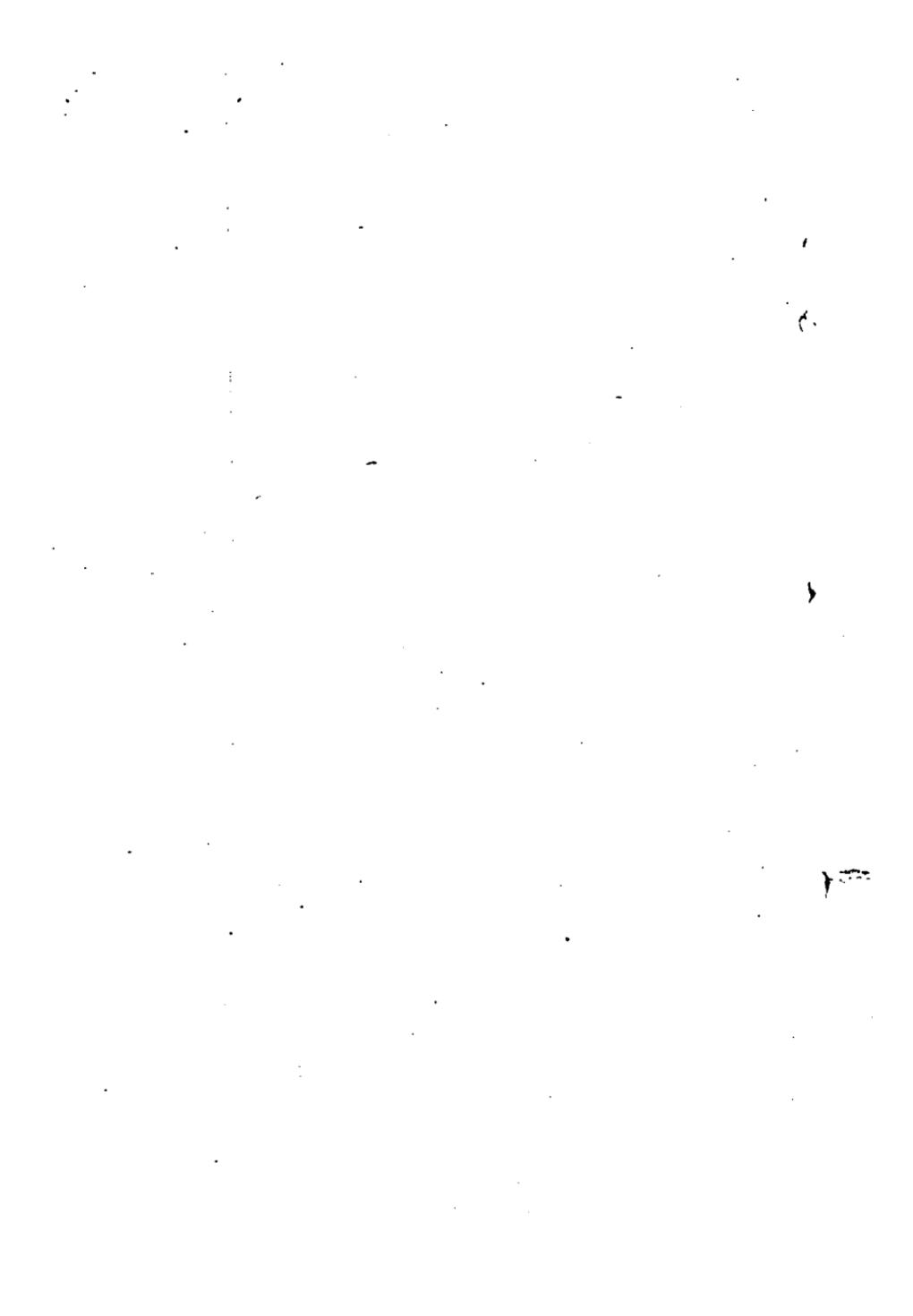
Pleasant.	Dixville.
Bowback.	Wentworth.
Perow.	Crystal.
Whitcomb.	Rosebuck.
Sugar Loaf.	Prospect.

*Miscellaneous.*

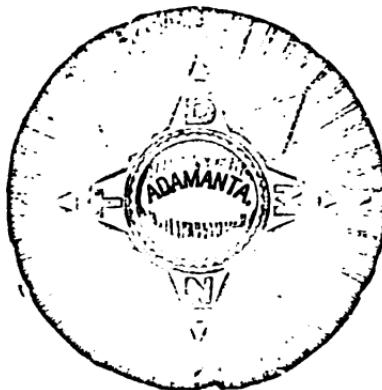
Fairlee.	Moose. <sup>1</sup>
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<sup>1</sup>Western New Hampshire.





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**MAPLEWOOD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.**

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**AINSLIE & MCGILVRAY, MANAGERS.**

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—1887.—

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Among the attractions is a large Hall for Dancing, where music is furnished by the Hotel Orchestra each evening, and to which are added Stage Scenery, Footlights and Dressing Rooms, for the pleasure of those guests who are inclined to Theatricals, Tableaux and Musical entertainments. The grounds are laid out for Lawn Tennis, Base Ball and Croquet.

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— ARTHUR BROWN, Supt.



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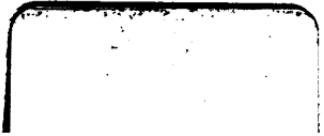












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